

GARLAND,



IN FOUR PARTS.



PART I. How a wealthy old Gentlewoman having but one Daughter, would not let her marry her Lover, because he was a Sailor,

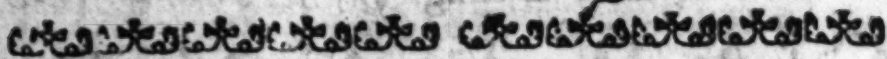
PART II. How the old Woman detained her Daughter's Portion, in order to purchase herself a Husband, and how the young Lady dress'd herself in Man's Apparel, and courted her own Mother.

PART III. How the old Mother not knowing her, consented to marry her, and their Wedding.

PART IV. How the old Mother gave her Daughter all her Effects, and how she was discovered by her Aunt, and afterwards she marry'd her true Love, who now live very lovingly together,



Licensed and Entered according to Order.



The Doting Mother's GARLAND.



PART I.

YOU Gallants all in *London*,
 Pray now draw near a While,
 To hear a pleasant Ditry,
 Will make you all to smile.

'Tis of a Merchant's Widow,
 That did in *London* dwell,
 And she had great Store of Riches,
 As many People tell.

She had a handsome Daughter,
 Indeed she had no more,
 And she was Heir as we do find,
 To all her worldly Store.

A Sailor for to Court the Maid
 Did come, but he was poor,
 Yet ne'ertheless the Maiden fair,
 She did him much adore.



This youthful Couple had agreed,
 To wed in little Time,
 If the good kind old Woman,
 They could but get in Mind.

But of Gold and Silver,
 She such a God did make,
 She kept her Daughter single,
 All for the Fortune's Sake.

The Mother then she said,
 Have him with all my Heart
 One Farthing of your Portion:
 I will not so him part.

The Daughter said, your Reason,
For that give me to know,
Six thousand Pounds my Father,
He left me, that is true.

As long as I have Wealth enough,
I'll have the Man I love,
And therefore I do hope that you,
Will of the Match approve.

Then straightway in a Passion,
The old Woman did swear,
You are too young to marry yet,
And therefore pray forbear.

For you must let me marry first,
for though I'm old and grey,
I have a tooth within my Head,
That's celish, I do say.

This Money it will bring.
A Husband brisk and young;
'Tis Time enough for you to begin,
I think, when I have done.

My child you never knew the Blifs,
And therefore cannot pine,
As I for want of my Good-Man
Have done a tedious Time.

Dear Mother you do make me blush,
To hear you talk thus wild,
But since you do a Husband want,
I swear, as I'm your Child.

I'll stay till you are married first,
And when it is my Turn,
I hope to have the Man I love,
So let the Game go on.

Pray fit me for the Country,
For there I mean to go;
And then the jolly Sailor,
Will not be in my View.

The old Woman rejoic'd at this,
Did sit her out straightway,
Thinking she to *Worcestershire*,
Would go without Delay,

(4)
P A R T II.

THIS young crafty Damsel had,

A Frolick in her Head,

She sent them for her true Love,

And unto him she said.

My Mother says my Portion,

Must her a Husband buy,

For she without a Bed fellow,

Much longer cannot lie.

And therefore I'm resolved,

This Frolick for to Play,

I'll cut my lovely white Hair,

And dress in Man's Array.

A Suitor to my Mother,

I'll go in this Disguise,

And bite the good old Woman,

Of all the golden Prize

Her Lover he did heartily

Laugh to hear the same;

Saying, if you do Succeed, my Dear,

It will be pretty Game.

But prithee, do you think,

That She'll not know your Face;

Ne'er fear, repli'd the Maiden fair,

For thus must stand the Case.

I'll stifle her with Kisses,

And put her in Surprise;

I'll vow and swear I nothing see,

But Beauties in her Eyes.

And if that she at any Time,

But gazes in my Face,

I'll on her Bosom lay my Head,

Her Bubbies to embrace;

I have a Friend that soon will go,

My Person to commend,

And tell her I'm in love with her,

And she'll for me send.

So fare you well my dearest Dear,

This Frolick I'll pursue,

And every day I'll let you know,

How all Matters go.

The

The old Woman then thinking,

Her Daughter out of Town,

She was resolved very long,

She would not lie alone.

And she among her Friends,

A visiting did go,

In Hopes a Husband for to get,

As she walked to and fro.

P A R T III.

HER Daughter dress'd up like a Beau,

One Day She chanc'd to meet,

Who kindly did embrace her,

And swore the Kiss was sweet.

Dear Madam, I'm so deep in Love,

Before that we do part,

I beg you'll tell me where you live,

Or else you'll break my Heart.

She said you may go along with me,

And if your Love be true,

You are a charming pretty youth,

And I can fancy you.

I've Store of Gold and Silver,

To make you rich and great,

A Chariot wherein you may ride,

Footmen on you to wait.

She little thinking who this brisk,

Young airy Spark might be;

She took her new Acquaintance,

Home immediately.

This Spark fell strong to Courting,

And solemnly did swear,

Ten thousand charming Beauties,

In her bright Eyes there were.

Then gave her melting Kisses,

And pull'd her on his Knee,

And with her anticor Bubbies play'd,

A pleasant Comedy.

The old Woman did smiler,

And was pleased to the Heart.

Saying, my Dear, a Diamond Ring,

I'll give before we part.

And

And then up Stairs she took her Love,
 To see her golden Store,
 Saying, the Day I marry you,
 I'll give thee this and more.
 But can you love me heartily,
 Tell me my pretty Dear,
 Because you see that I am old,
 And stricken well in Years.
 And you are but a Stripling,
 Just in your youthful Prime,
 I fear you will a Whoring run,
 And leave me for to pine.
 Dear Madam, I did never love,
 A Whore in all my Life;
 I'll be as constant as the Dove,
 When you : : made my Wife.
 My Dear, said the old Woman,
 Upon St. Andrew's Day,
 We will be join'd together,
 In Private, I do say.
 I'll make you master of my Store,
 Before to Bed we go,
 That you the better may reward,
 My Love, for doing so.
 With many amorous Kisses,
 They parted for that Night:
 She goes unto the Sailor,
 Her Joy and Heart's Delight.
 She gave to him the Diamond Ring,
 And told him her good Success,
 And though She had the Breeches on,
 They lovingly embraced.
 A courting to her Mother,
 Each Day she constant went;
 At length St. Andrew's Day was come,
 Unto her great Content.
 To Church then to be married,
 This Couple they did hie;
 The Marriage being over,
 The Fun comes by and by.

P A R T IV

AS soon as e'er the Bridegroom,
 Did come within the Door,
 She took him in and made him
 The master of her Store.

Her Gold, her Bonds, and Leases,
 She did to her Spouse resign,
 Saying, take Possession of my Store,
 For thou art fairly mine.

This done, the Female Bridegroom;
 Began to be in Care;

Which Way the golden Prize,
 To convey unto her Dear,

Then turning to her Mother,
 She said, my Heart's Delight,
 We'll go Abroad to dine To-day,
 So Home to Bed at Night.

The Bride she had a Sister,
 Lived in *Hanover-square*,
 she agreed for to go thither,
 And her Spouse to meet her there.

Her Chariot was made ready,
 As soon as she was gone,
 The Bridegroom for the Sailor sent,
 And told him what was done.

Ten Thousand Pounds unto the jolly
 Sailor she did give;
 saying To-morrow I'll be with you,
 If that I do live.

For I must give my Bride,
 My Company To-night;
 fear her Bargain she'll repent;
 Before the Morning Light.

The Sailor moved off with the Prize,
 The Bridegroom went to the Bride,
 and when she entered the Room,
 The Aunt in a Surprise said.
 How sure if this your Husband be,
 I verily do fear,

is your only Daughter,
 That doth the Breecher wear.

The De'el take her if it be,
The Mother then did say,
Now stedfastly I look at thee,
I really think 'tis she.
But to be further satisfied,
I solemnly do swear,
I soon will have the Breeches down,
To know what Sort of Ware
Then rising in a Passion,
Did about the Breeches fall:
The Daughter laugh'd heartily,
She had no Strength at all.
She cry'd, how can you be so rude,
Such things for too discover;
I'm sure I am as good a Man,
As ever was my Mother.
She having got the Breeches down,
She found the Thing was true;
She said, since you have me deceiv'd,
I'll surely make you rue.
It is not in your Power,
The Daughter she did say,
You fairly did surrender,
Your Treasure to me this Day.
So I am resolv'd To-morrow,
To wed the Sailor bright;
I think it is now high Time,
I should know that sweet Delight,
That set you thus a longing;
And when that I have done,
You may get a good Hnsband,
When it comes in your Turn.
The old Woman tore the very
Hair from off her Head:
Next Day the youthful Lady,
She did the Sailor wed.
The Mother still a Hundred
A Year doth now Possess,
And when it comes in her Turn,
She is to be caref's'd:

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